

THE SCORCHED

image

50
APR

COVER A



McFARLANE
Ivan Nunes

McFARLANE
SEGOVIA
BARBERI
RIBEIRO

THE SCORCHED[®]

image

50
APR

DIGITAL
EDITION

COVER B

McFARLANE

SEGOVIA

BARBERI

RIBEIRO



770775 FEEZ



THE SCORCHED®



SCRIPT/PLOT

TODD McFARLANE

ART

STEPHEN SEGOVIA (PAGES 1-15)

CARLO BARBERI (PAGES 16-30)

COLORS

DINEI RIBEIRO

LETTERING

ANDWORLD DESIGN

COVER ARTIST

TODD McFARLANE (WITH IVAN NUNES) - COVER A

PUPPETEER LEE - COVER B

SKOTTIE YOUNG - COVER C

BLANK SKETCH - COVER D

MARK SPEARS - COVER E

TODD McFARLANE (WITH IVAN NUNES) - COVER F

TODD McFARLANE - COVER G

TODD McFARLANE - COVER H

CREATIVE DIRECTOR

TODD McFARLANE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

THOMAS HEALY

Publishing Coordinator
YVETTE ARTEAGA

Production Artists
IMANI DAVIS
ZABRIEL KENNEDY
RYAN KEIZER

Publisher for
Image Comics/
Chief Creative Officer
ERIC STEPHENSON

SPAWN CREATED BY
TODD McFARLANE

PREVIOUSLY IN THE SCORCHED

With our heroes captured, Mammon's plans start to become clear.



CHAPTER: THREE

THE SCENE THAT UNFOLDS BEFORE THEM IS WORSE THAN THEY HAD IMAGINED: **TERRY FITZGERALD** AND THE CRAVEN DENIZEN OF HELL, **MAMMON**, HAD HOPED THAT THEIR ARRIVAL WOULD COME WITH ENOUGH TIME TO NEGOTIATE PROPERLY.

BUT BOTH KNEW THEY WERE DEALING WITH A CREATURE WHOSE ACTIONS ARE ERRATIC--IF NOT INSANE.

THE CREATURE IS THE **PLAGUE SPAWN**, THE FIRST SYMBIOTE EVER CREATED IN HELL. IT FAILED, SO IT WAS DISCARDED LIKE A PIECE OF DISPOSABLE TRASH.

HELL THOUGHT THE THING HAD DIED. FOR A TIME IT DID, **PERHAPS** THAT BEING PART OF THE REASON FOR ITS IRRATIONAL BEHAVIOR.

BUT IT NEEDS A **STABLE HOST**, ONE THAT WON'T BURN OUT SO QUICKLY.

IT HAS DEVoured OVER A DOZEN HUMANS DURING ITS SEARCH. NOW IT IS PREYING ON "SUPER BEINGS".

I THOUGHT WE HAD TIME. WE DON'T. SO, NO SENSE HIDING NOW, TERRY.

PLAGUE!
I TOLD YOU TO STOP, YOU'LL ONLY MAKE YOURSELF SICK. THIS *ISN'T* HOW TO SURVIVE.

LIKE A DOG BEING INTERRUPTED WHILE EATING, THE CREATURE SNARLS AT THE INTRUDERS.

SNIFFING AT MAMMON'S
HEELS AS IT NERVOUSLY
PACES AROUND HIM.

WHAT'RE
YOU SMELLING, YOU
THINK I COULD BE
YOUR HOST?

YOU'RE
SO FAR OFF
THE PATH.

YOU **CAN'T**
USE HELLSPAWNS
EITHER, THEY
HAVE THEIR OWN
SYMBIOTES.

BUT
GO AHEAD
AND TRY...

"...SEE WHAT
HAPPENS."

PLAGUE DOES EXACTLY THAT,
POURING ITSELF OVER THE
FALLEN MONOLITH SPAWN. IF
IT IS TO TAKE OVER ONE OF
THE HELLSPAWN, WHY NOT
CHOOSE THE LARGEST ONE?

WHEN THE 'ABSORPTION' IS COMPLETED, THE HULKING MONOLITH SNAPS BACK TO LIFE, WITH ONE ALTERATION...

...MONOLITH'S PERSONA IS NOW CONTROLLED BY PLAGUE.

PITY
YOU'RE SUCH A
SLOW LEARNER.
BECAUSE...

three
two
one...

THE CREATURE STIFFENS
WITH PAIN LIKE IT'S
BEEN ELECTROCUTED.

...YOUR BODY
IS REJECTING IT.
YOU CAN'T HAVE THIS ONE
EITHER. IN ANOTHER FEW
MOMENTS IT WILL BEGIN
TO **POISON** YOUR
BLOODSTREAM.

SKREEEE



IF I WERE
YOU, TERRY, I'D
HELP YOUR FRIENDS
WHILE YOU CAN. IT'LL
TAKE A MINUTE FOR
THIS THING TO
RECOVER.



THE SHACKLES WON'T BUDGE. BUT EVEN IF THEY DID, TERRY DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'D DO. MARC IS HARDLY AWAKE, AND JIM DOWNING IS COMPLETELY UNCONSCIOUS.





SO, I'M
GROWING WEARY OF
THIS GAME, IT'S TIME
WE CONCLUDED
IT.

PLAGUE MAKES
ONE LAST CIRCLE
AROUND ITS
PREY BEFORE IT
STRIKES...



...TO NO
AVAIL.



I KEEP
EXPLAINING--YOU'RE
GOING ABOUT THIS
ALL WRONG.



SIXTY FEET AWAY, TERRY
KNOWS HE'S WASTING
PRECIOUS TIME.

MAMMON!

THESE
F*CKIN'
CHAINS WON'T
GIVE!! WHAT
NOW?!

MAMMON CALMLY TURNS AND SLIGHTLY GESTURES.



INSTANTLY UNLOCKING EVERY SHACKLE.



BECAUSE I'M HERE FOR MY OWN PURPOSES. YOUR FRIENDS AREN'T PART OF THAT.

ISN'T THAT RIGHT, PLAGUE?

AND WITH THAT, PLAGUE HAS A MOMENT OF LUCIDNESS, LIKE IT FINALLY KNOWS THIS STRANGE MAN IN HIS WELL-TAILORED SUIT IS HIS SUPERIOR.





...THEN
F*CKING
DO IT!



BEFORE THAT
HAPPENS,
PLAGUE FLIES
IN FOR THE KILL.



MAMMON MOVES
QUICKER, SNAPPING
HIS FINGERS...



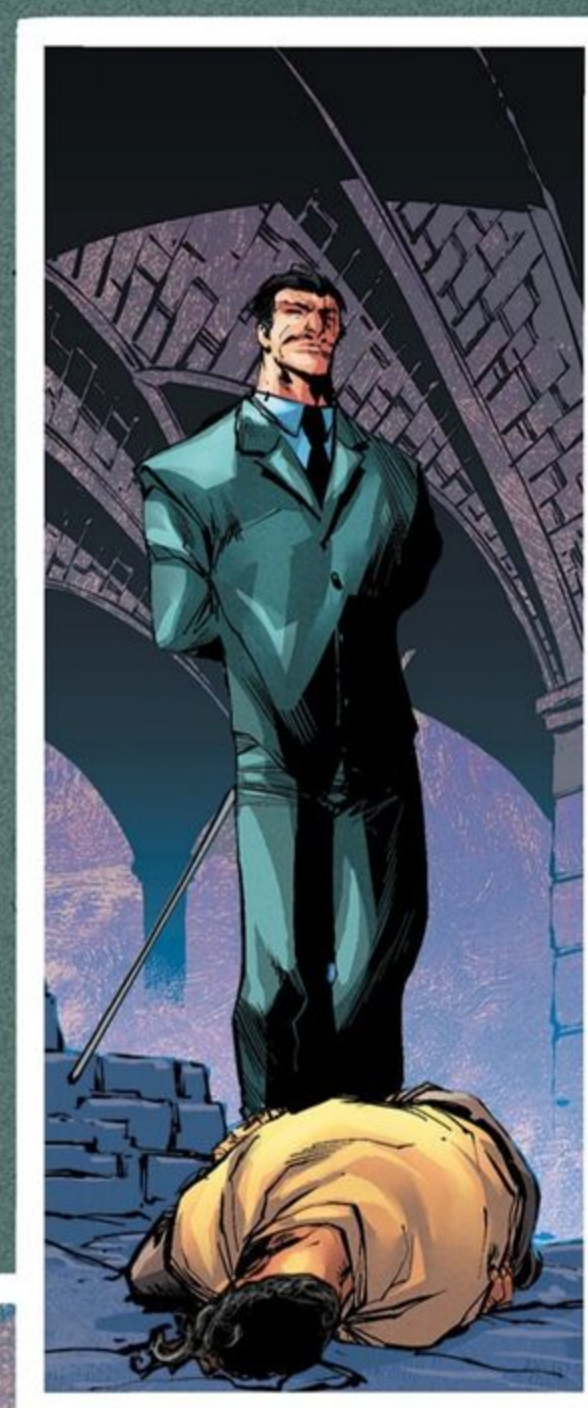
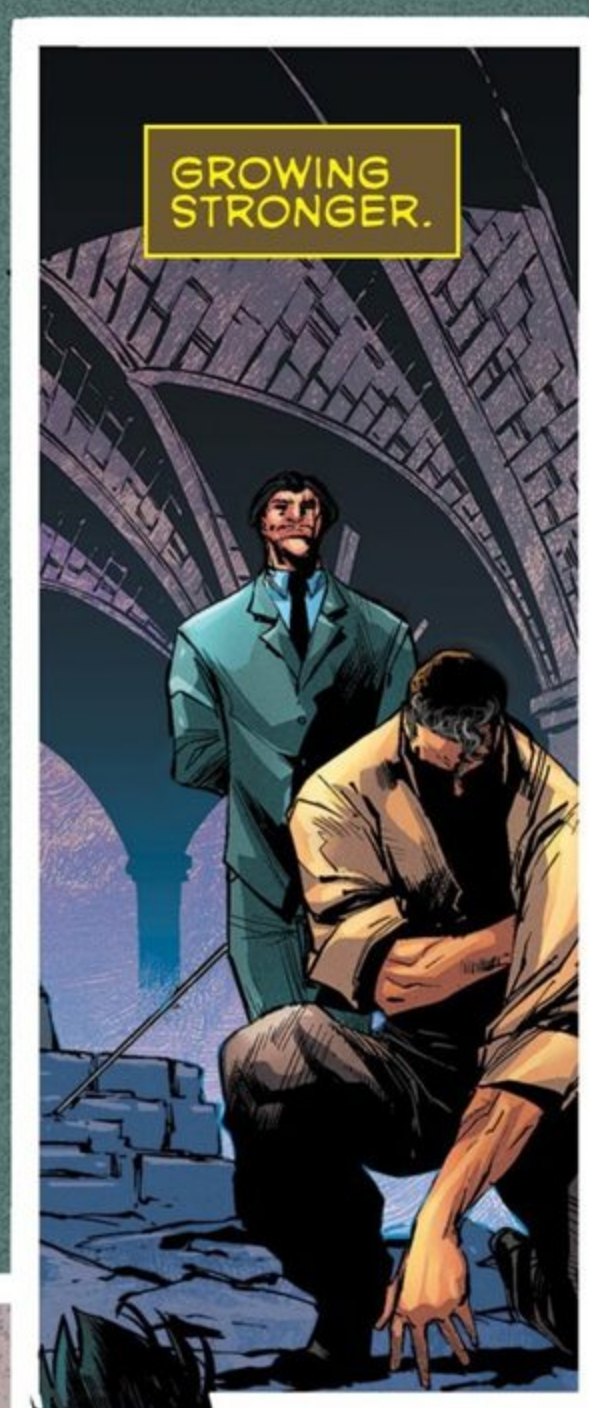
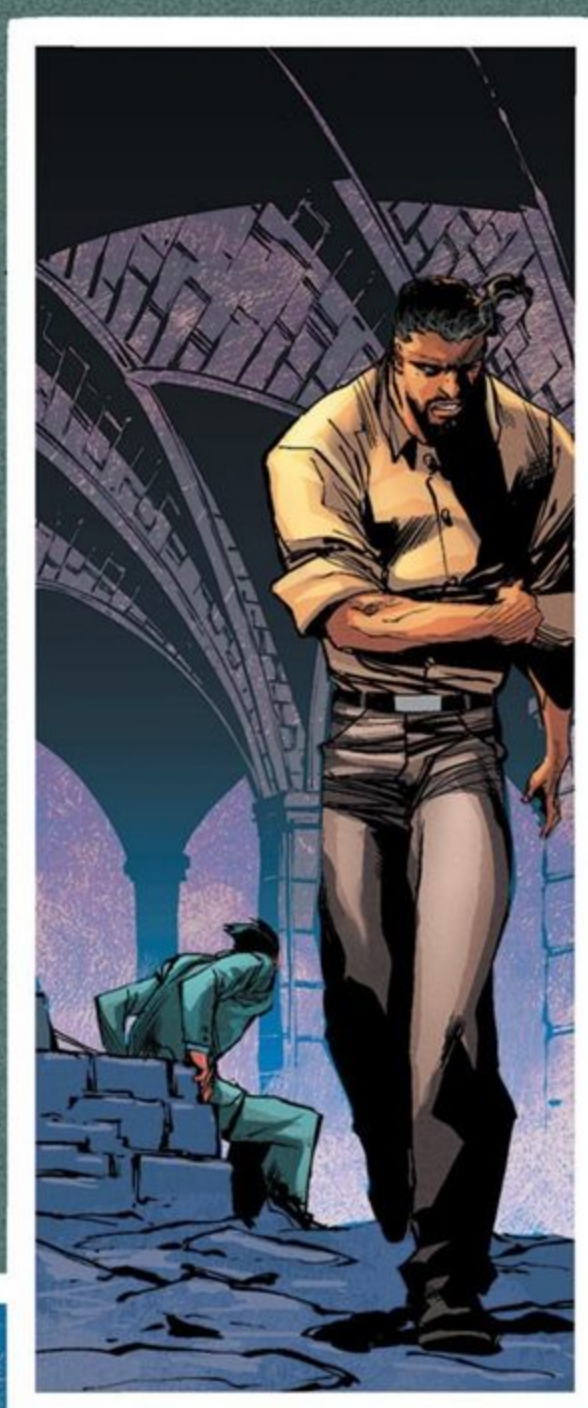
...WHEN THE BLINDING
FLASH DISSIPATES, TERRY
AND MAMMON ARE THE
ONLY ONES NOW LEFT.



WHAT'D
YOU DO?!
WHERE ARE
THEY?

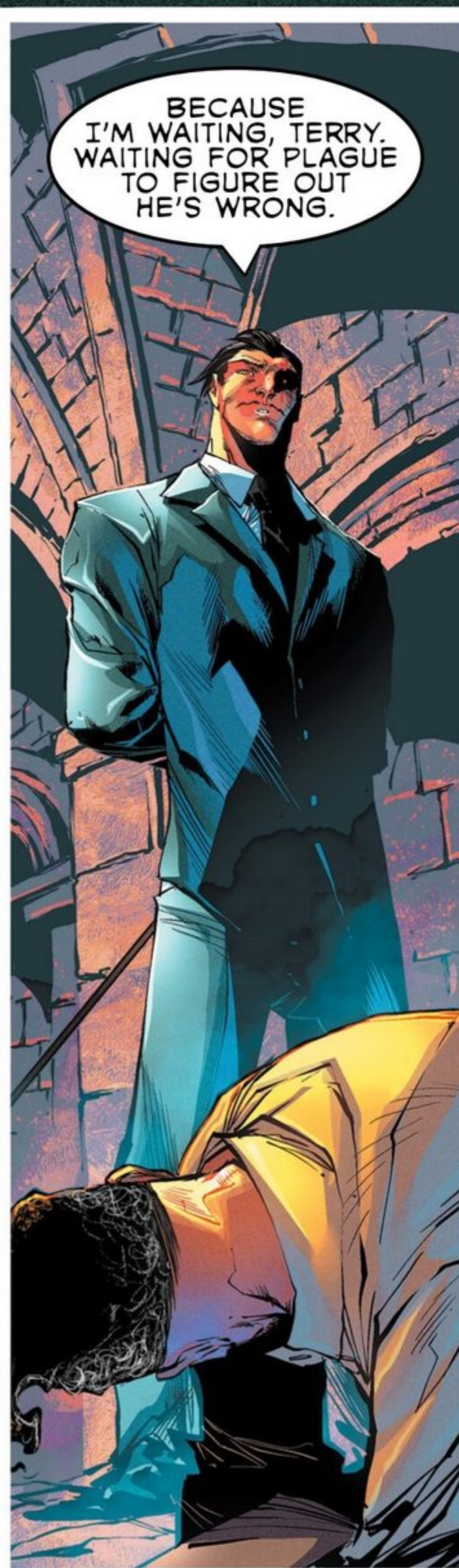
SAFE.
FOR
NOW.







WHY...?
WHY
BRING
ME HERE IF
YOU *JUST*
WANTED TO
TORTURE
ME?



BECAUSE
I'M WAITING, TERRY.
WAITING FOR PLAGUE
TO FIGURE OUT
HE'S WRONG.



IT'S AN
EMOTIONAL ANIMAL, ONE
THAT LACKS LOGIC OR
COMPREHENSION.

IT THINKS
OTHER HELLSPAWNS
ARE *THE ANSWER*.
THAT'S WHY IT BROUGHT
YOUR FRIENDS
HERE.

AND, SIMMONS,
PLAGUE IS BLINDED
TO HIS VALUE, WHICH IS
LITTLE, BUT IT'LL COME
CRAWLING BACK...
AFTER IT FAILS.

THAT'S
WHAT YOU'RE
WAITING FOR?
PLAGUE'S
RETURN?

"YES..."

"...YOU SEE, PLAGUE
HAS BEEN *AMASSING*
POWER WITH NO
GUARDRAILS, WHICH,
FOOLISHLY, HAS
ATTRACTED *HEAVEN'S*
ATTENTION.

WHICH WILL EVENTUALLY
LEAD TO WAR...GIVEN THAT
NYX HAS ALSO BEEN
CORRUPTED SITTING
AS HELL'S NEW QUEEN."



"GOD WILL NOT IDLY SIT BACK AS **BOTH** EARTH AND HELL COME UNDER THE POWER OF THE MOST **INSANE HELLSPAWN**. HE'LL FIGHT BACK AND DESTROY THE THINGS HE LOVES, INCLUDING YOUR EARTH, BEFORE LETTING THAT POWER **FALL** INTO THE HANDS OF HIS ENEMIES."



WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ME?

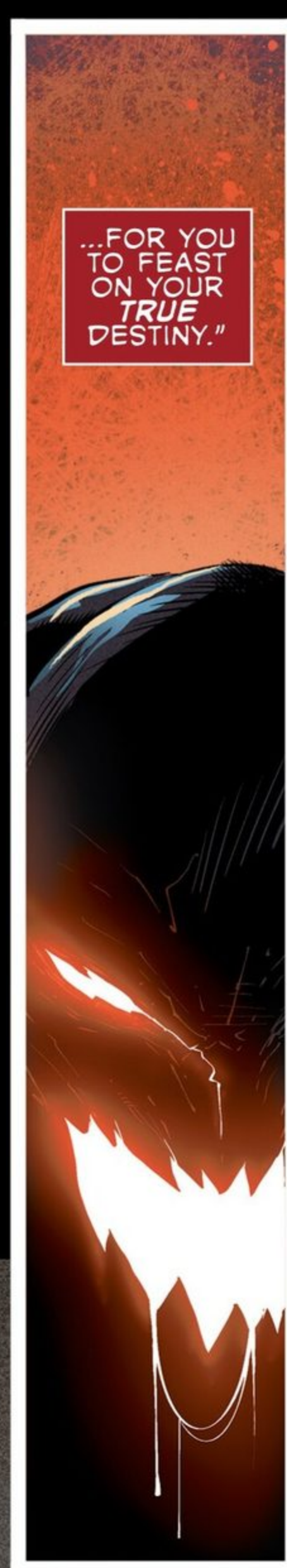
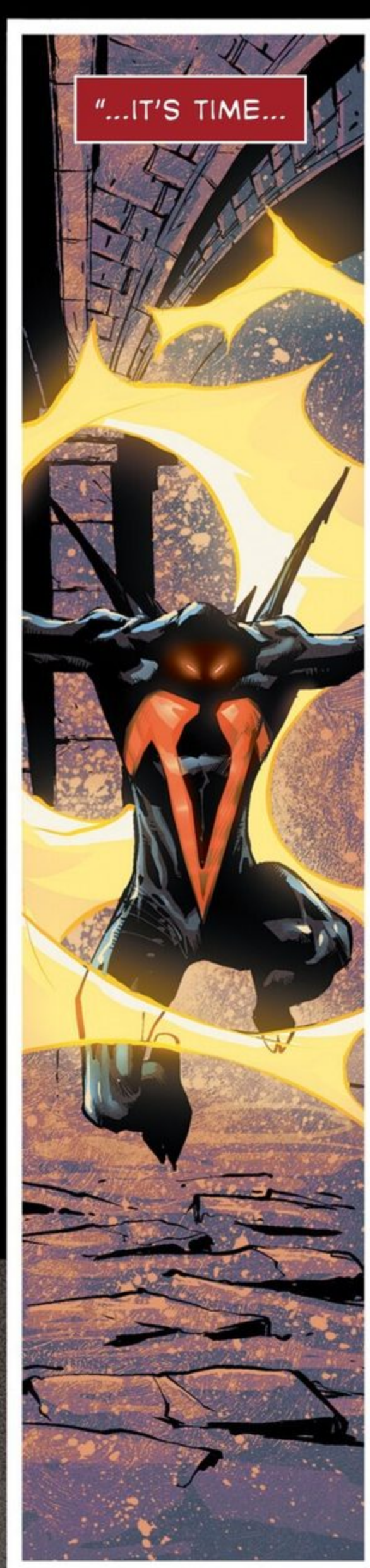
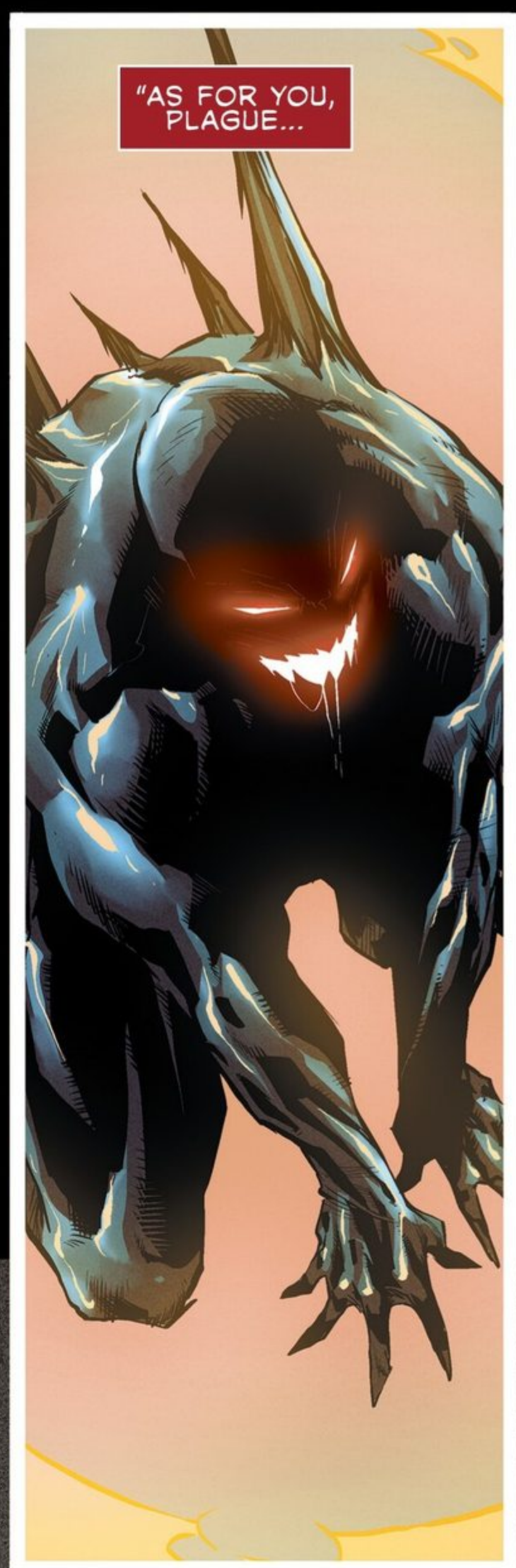
BECAUSE, UNLIKE SPAWN, YOU ACTUALLY **ARE** USEFUL. I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU EARLY, SO YOU HAD A **CHANCE** TO SAID GOODBYE TO YOUR FAMILY.

THE F*CK YOU SAYING?

HOPEFULLY YOU LEFT A PROPER IMPRESSION WITH YOUR CHILDREN--GIVEN YOU'LL **NEVER** SEE THEM AGAIN.



AH... PERFECT TIMING.





CHAPTER: SIX

IT'S BEEN MONTHS AND MONTHS SINCE SPAWN FIRST LAID EYES ON THE HELLSPAWN CALLED *PLAGUE*. IN ALL THAT TIME NO ONE HAS EVER HEARD IT UTTER A *SINGLE* INTELLIGENT SYLLABLE.

BUT NOW IT HAS JUST *THREATENED* SPAWN'S FRIEND, TERRY FITZGERALD.

YOU'D BETTER PRAY TERRY IS UNHARMED.





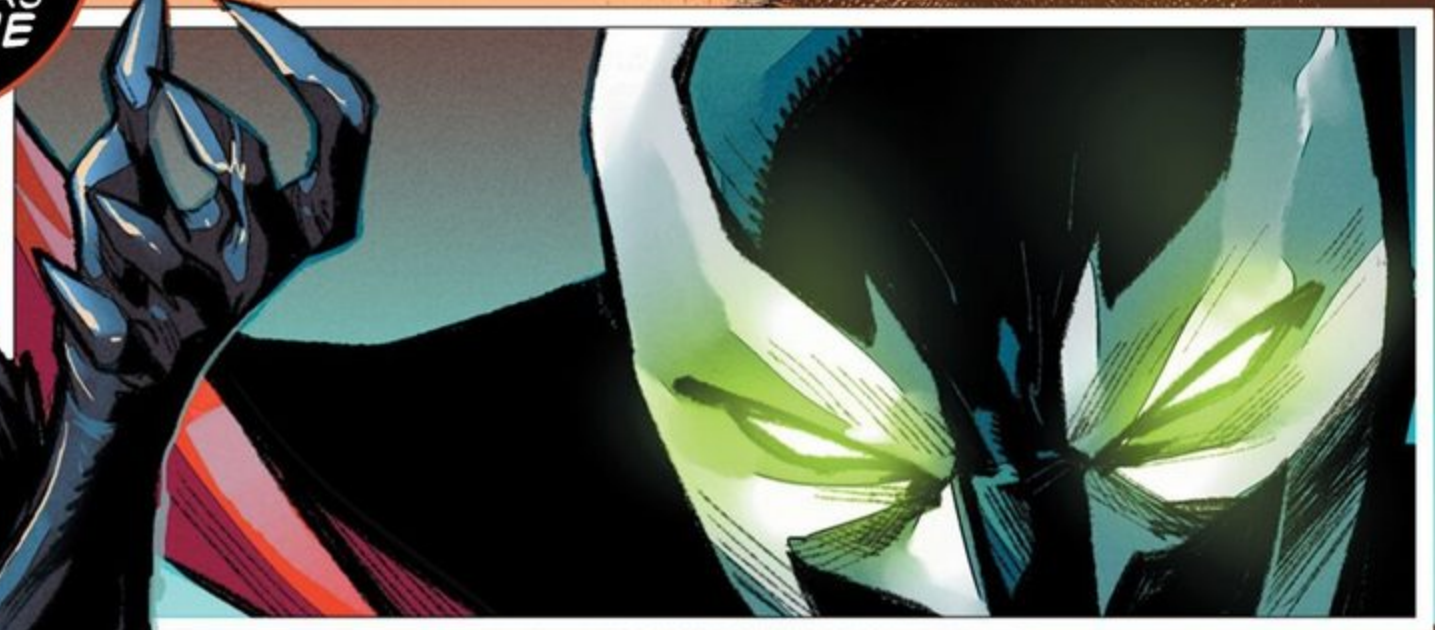
WHERE IS HE? WHAT'D YOU DO TO HIM?

YOU HAVE IT WRONG, AL.

THE QUESTION ISN'T WHAT HAVE I DONE TO TERRY-- IT'S WHAT HAS TERRY *DONE* TO ME?



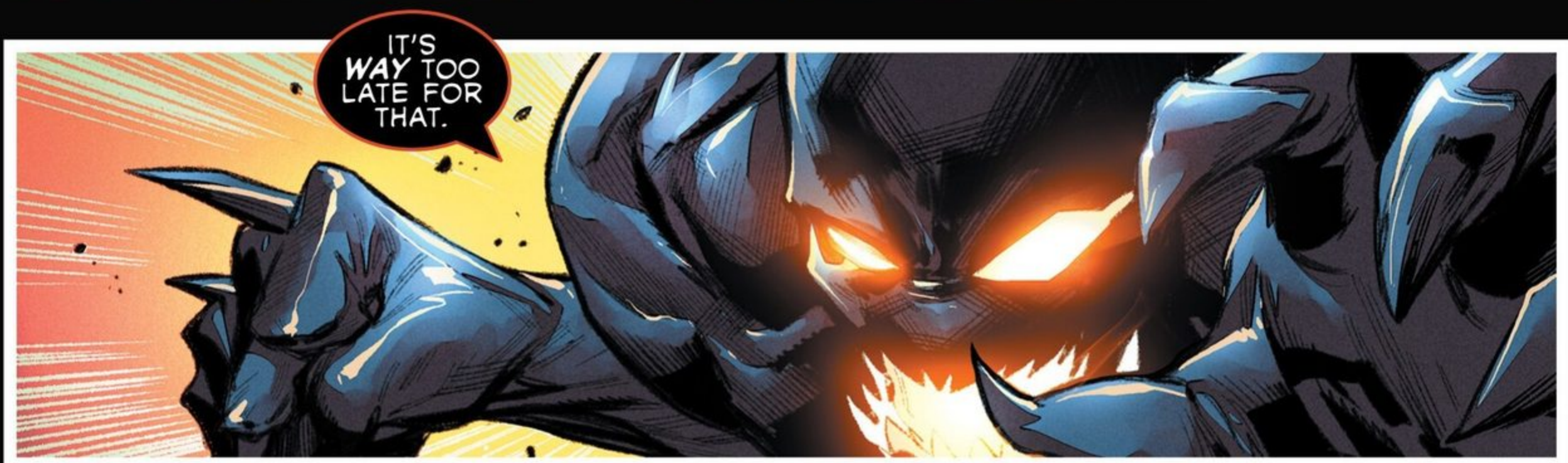
YOU WANT TO SEE HIM AGAIN? THEN SURRENDER. AND PAY FOR ALL YOUR SINS. FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE TO US, ESPECIALLY WANDA.

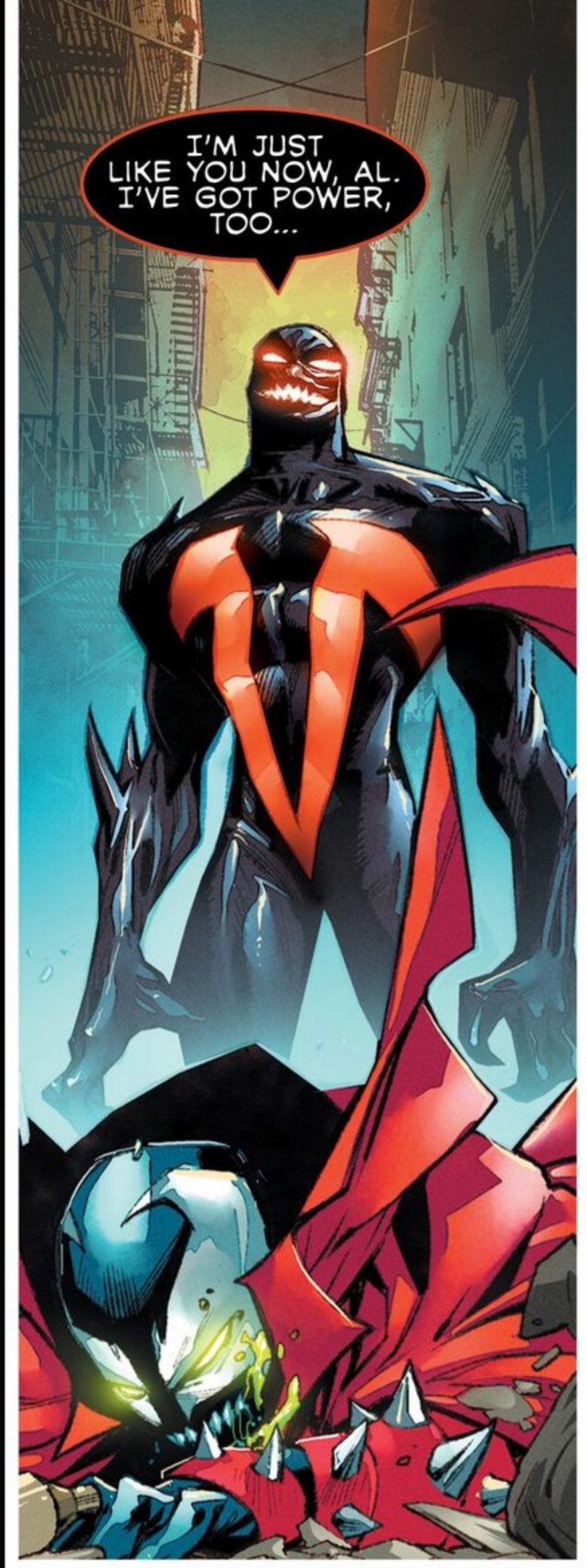


WHAT DO YOU WANT?

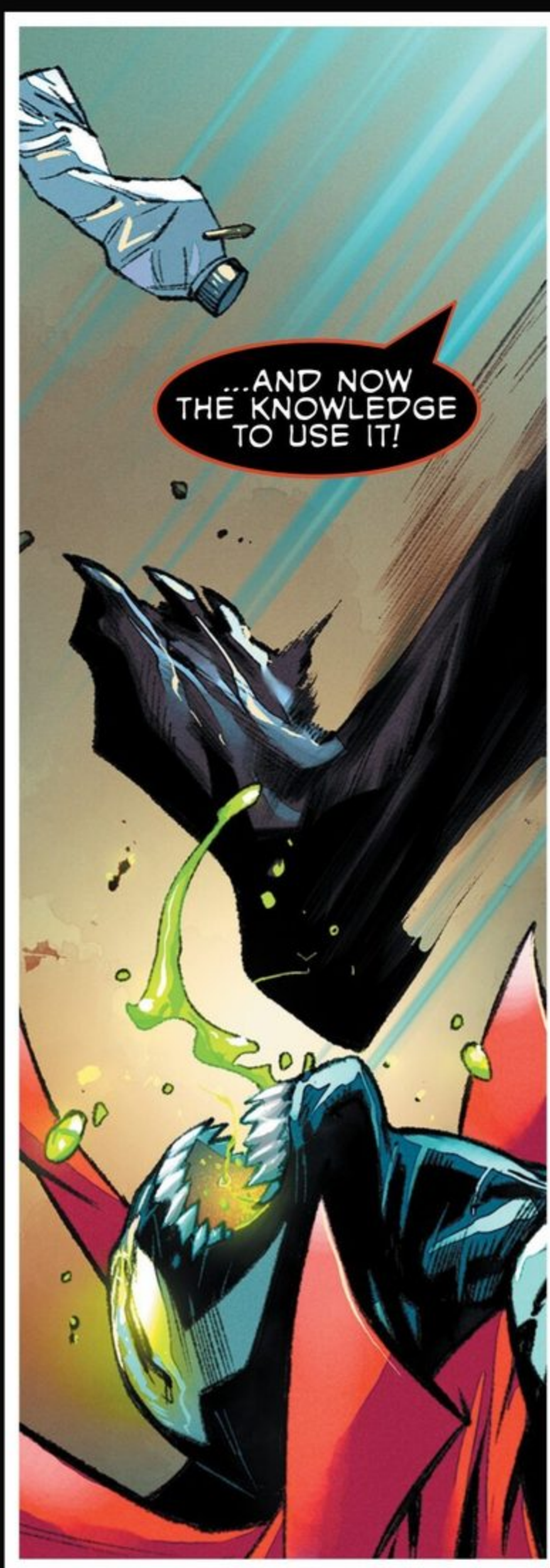


YOUR DEATH, OF COURSE.

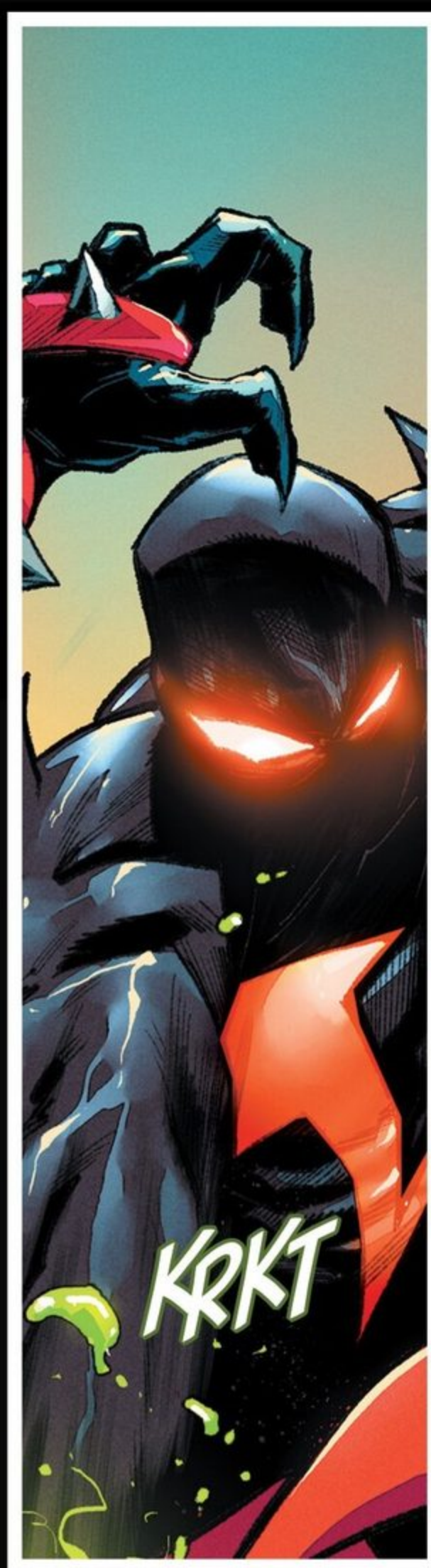




I'M JUST
LIKE YOU NOW, AL.
I'VE GOT POWER,
TOO...



...AND NOW
THE KNOWLEDGE
TO USE IT!



KRKT



BLOW AFTER BLOW SENDS
SPAWN REELING. WHEN HE
TRIES TO SEND HIS CHAINS...



...THEY'RE SWIFTLY SNATCHED
OUT OF THE AIR, LIKE PLAGUE
KNEW THEY WERE COMING.

I'VE **SEEN** THIS
TRICK OF YOURS
A HUNDRED TIMES!
YOU'VE **BECOME**
PREDICTABLE.

IN FACT, PLAGUE IS SOMEHOW ABLE TO TURN THE CHAINS ON THEIR OWN MASTER.

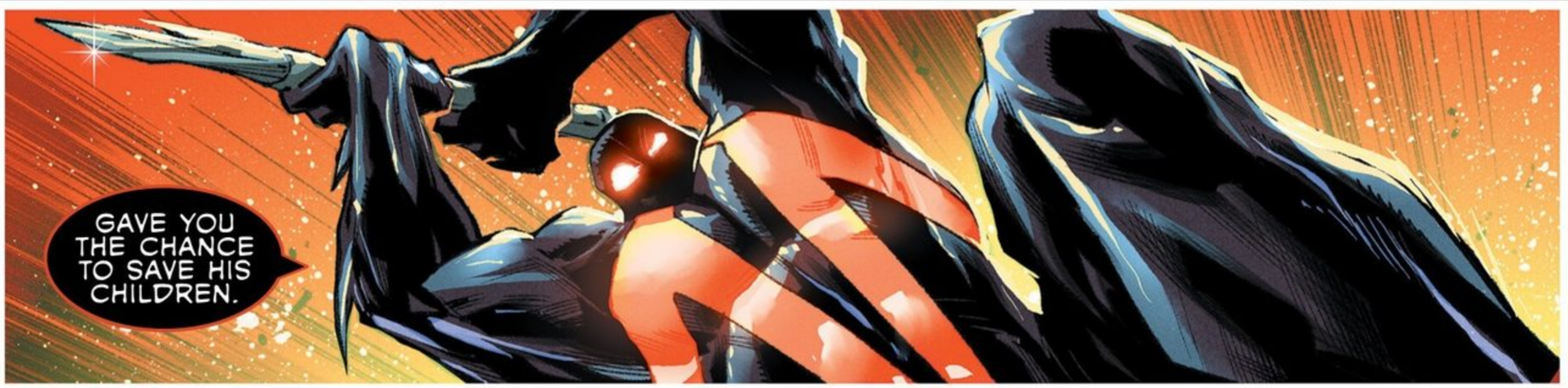
YOUR SOUL.

A SMALL PIECE IS ALL I NEED. THEN I'LL GIVE YOU A QUICK DEATH.

f*ck you.

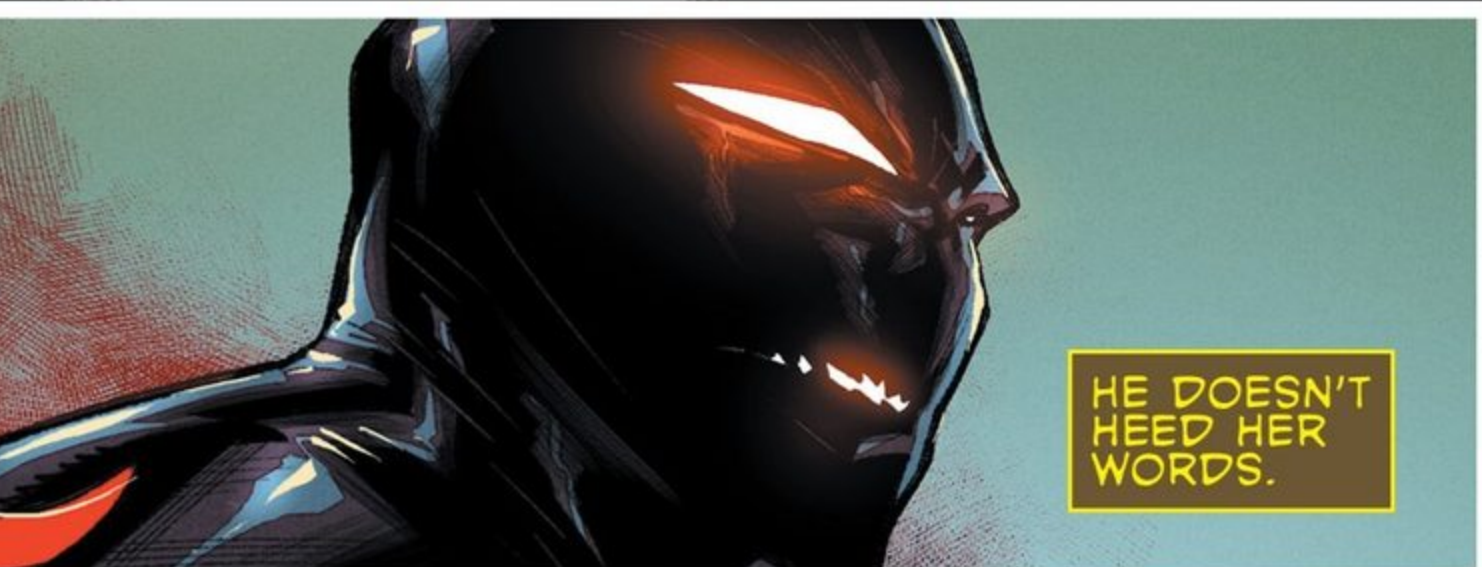
THAT KIND OF DEFIANCE **WON'T** BE TOLERATED.

PLAGUE UNLEASHES HIS FULL FURY. LAUGHING AS EACH BRUTAL PUNCH LANDS.





BACK
THE
F*CK
AWAY,
NOW!



HE DOESN'T
HEED HER
WORDS.



COME
ONE STEP
CLOSER, YOU'LL
LOSE YOUR
HEAD.

YOU'RE
TOO LATE,
JESSICA.



FOR A MOMENT SHE WONDERS
HOW HE KNOWS HER NAME.
THEN THE MOMENT PASSES.





DON'T
WORRY, IT'S
DEAD.



NO!
IT WANTS YOU
TO BELIEVE IT'S
DEAD.

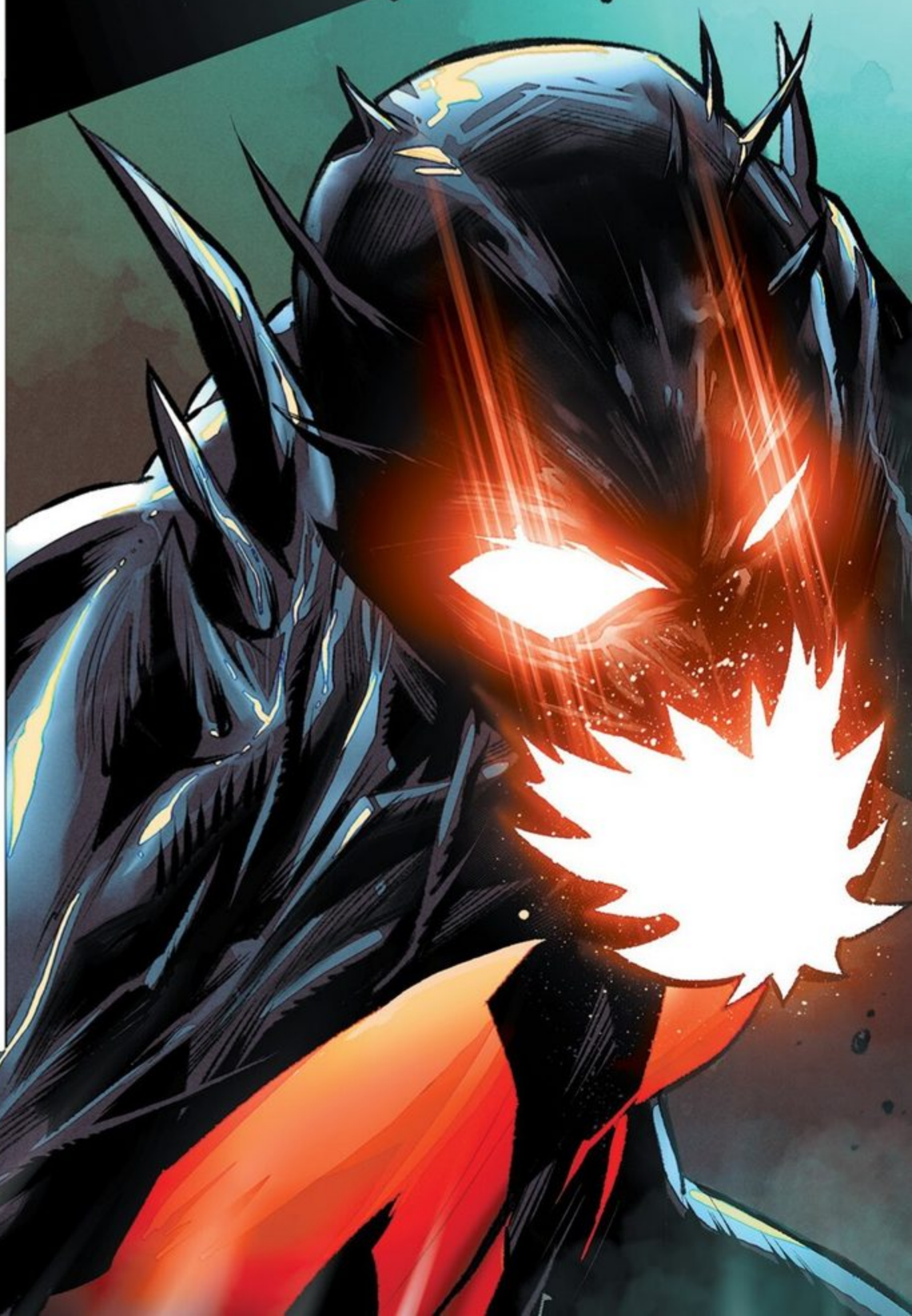
AS SHE-SPAWN
TURNS, STRANDS
OF THE CREATURE'S
DECAPITATED HEAD
BEGIN TO REFORM.



USING WHATEVER
PIECES OF MUSCLE
AND CARTILAGE
WERE STILL LEFT
DANGLING FROM
ITS NECK.



A SICKENING GURGLING
SOUND IS ALL THAT ESCAPES
THE WOUNDED MONSTER.



THIS TIME IT MAKES SURE
TO **NOT** LET THE FEMALE'S
GUN HIT ITS TARGET. IT
REACHES HER IN A BLUR...



...THEN BEAR HUGS
HER UNTIL IT HEARS
HER RIBS CRACK.



THEN, AS A FINAL ACT OF
REVENGE IT **EXTENDS** SHARP
SPIKED QUILLS FROM ITS
CHEST, **PERFORATING**
SHE-SPAWN'S ENTIRE BODY!

JESS!

PLAGUE, WITHOUT A
THOUGHT, CASUALLY
DISCARDS HER.

YOUR SOUL,
SIMMONS, I STILL
NEED IT.

NO.



JAKE.
KATE.
CYAN.

WANDA
WOULD BE
DISAPPOINTED
KNOWING
YOU LET ME
KILL HER
CHILDREN.

STAGGERING
TO HIS FEET...



...SPAWN HAS EMOTIONALLY REACHED
A TIPPING POINT, SUCH THAT THE
SOUNDS NOW COMING FROM HIM
MATCH THE HOWLS AND SHRIEKS
THAT THE PLAGUE BELLOWED!







TERRY!
FIGHT BACK!!
DON'T GIVE
IN!



I TOLD
YOU, TERRY'S
GONE. DEAD.

I'VE
GOT HIS
BODY.



THEN, FROM
OUT OF THE
SHADOWS,
STEPS
MAMMON.

HE'S TELLING
THE TRUTH. YOUR FRIEND
IS DEAD, LIKE YOUR WIFE.
BUT GIVE PLAGUE A BIT OF
YOUR POWERS AND HE'LL
LEAVE...AND **NEVER** TOUCH
THOSE CHILDREN. YOU
HAVE MY PROMISE.



I'LL
KILL
YOU!



I'LL
KILL
YOU!

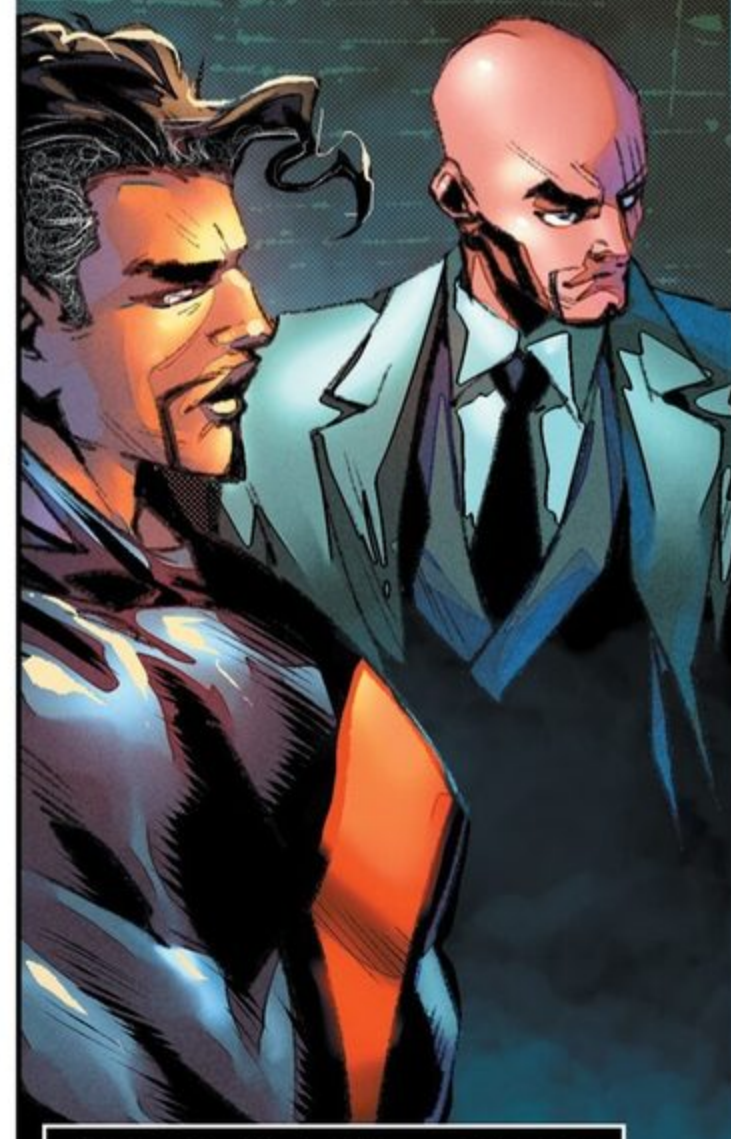


YOU CAN'T
KILL PLAGUE, **NONE**
OF US CAN, IT WAS
THE FIRST SYMBIOTE, IF
THAT COSTUME DIES **ALL**
HELLSPAWNS WILL DIE.
INCLUDING YOU,
SIMMONS.

AND I
CAN'T HAVE
THAT RIGHT NOW. I
HAVE UNFINISHED
BUSINESS TO
COMPLETE.

PLAGUE
WAS AN ANIMAL,
IT DIDN'T THINK AND
IT WAS GOING TO SET OFF
AN ENERGY **REACTION** THAT
WOULD DESTROY MOST OF
THIS PLANET, I NEEDED
TO PREVENT THAT. THE
SACRIFICE OF YOUR
FRIEND WAS THE
ONLY WAY.

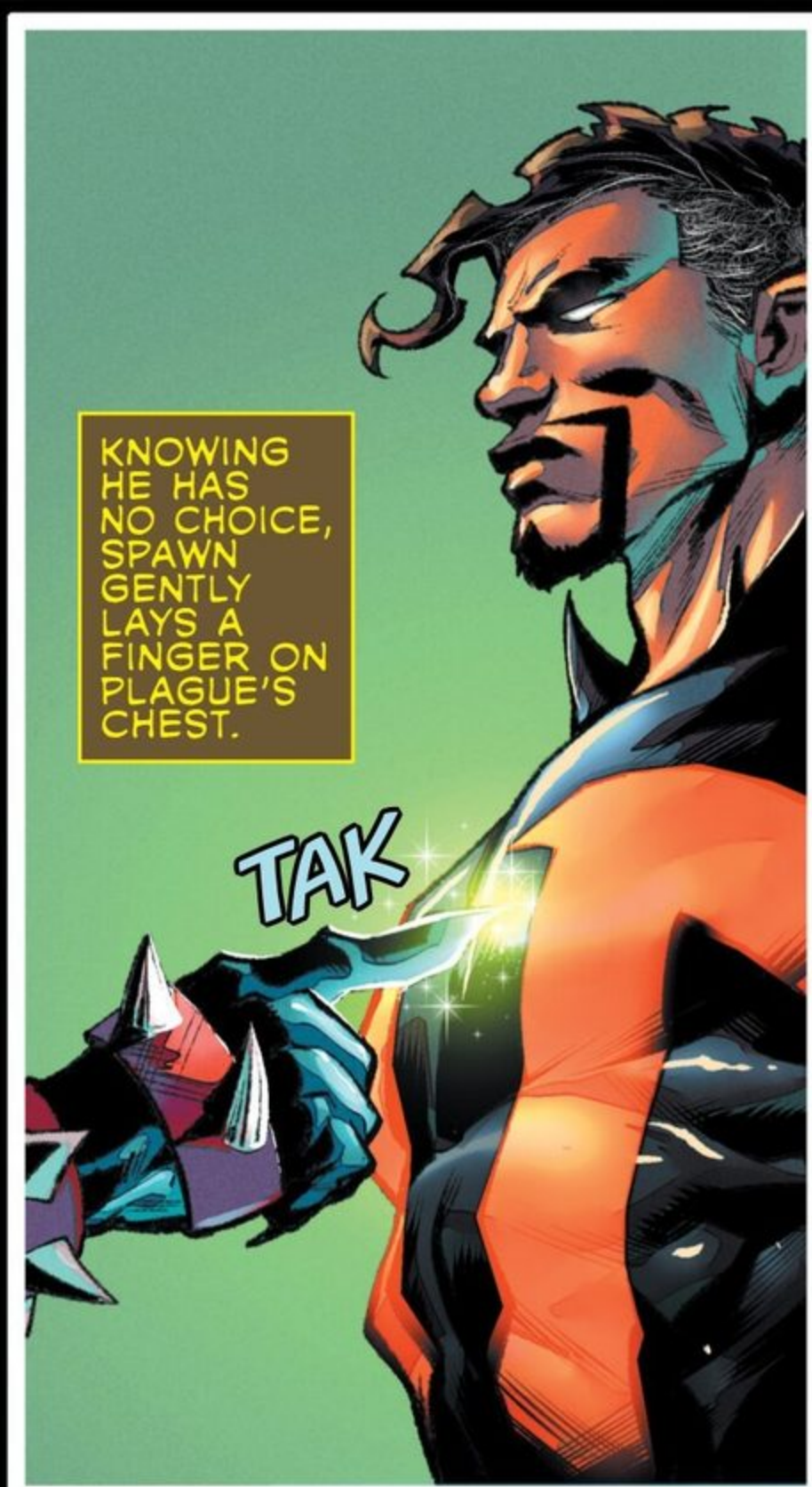
PLAGUE
NEEDED A
BODY: ONE THAT
HAD BEEN "**TOUCHED**"
BY ANOTHER SYMBIOTE
BUT WAS STILL HUMAN,
ONE THAT I COULD
MERGE WITH PLAGUE
TO SHORT-CIRCUIT ITS
ANIMALISTIC INSTINCTS
AND KEEP IT FROM
DESTROYING
US.*



*SEE SPAWN #50 - THOMAS



TERRY'S
INNER *ID* WILL
SEE TO THAT. SO
GIVE HIM WHAT HE
WANTS, AND BE
THANKFUL WE'LL
ALL BE ALIVE
TOMORROW.



KNOWING
HE HAS
NO CHOICE,
SPAWN
GENTLY
LAYS A
FINGER ON
PLAGUE'S
CHEST.

TAK



YOU DID YOUR
PART, WE'LL DO OURS.
TERRY'S CHILDREN *WILL* BE
SAFE...BUT YOU HEROES WON'T
BE GIVEN THE SAME
COURTESY.

SO,
BEWARE.

SPAWN STAYS,
HOLDING SHE-
SPAWN IN HIS LAP,
COMFORTING HER
AS HE APPLIES HIS
NECRO-ENERGY
TO HELP HER HEAL.



WHAT
HAPPENED?



EVERYTHING
HAPPENED. AND
EVERYTHING HAS
CHANGED.

FOREVER!

NEED MORE SPAWN'S ? UNIVERSE

DON'T MISS THESE ONGOING TITLES!

SPAWN

KING
SPAWN

THE
SCORCHED

GUNSLINGER



SPAWN #375
MAY 2026



KING SPAWN #55
MAY 2026



GUNSLINGER #54
MAY 2026

51



MAY 2026



ONLY FROM
IMAGECOMICS.COM

Image Comics ® and its logos are registered trademarks of Image comics, Inc. All rights reserved